


New York, June 7, 1872

Dear Garrison,

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My dear wife still breathes, though much weaker than when you looked at her on Wednesday. Her hands and feet are growing cold, and her face wears the hue of death. For the most part she is quite unconscious, though there are now and then flashes of intelligence. It hardly seems possible that she can last 24 hours longer.

Yours,



Oliver Johnson

